

6-18-1888

# Letter from Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, to Catharine Brown Porter, 1888 June 18

Anne Whitney

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[June 18, 1888]  
Shelburne

My dear Helen. I promised  
myself on coming away from  
Boston without seeing you  
that I would write when  
I arrived here & thus in a  
measure indemnify myself.  
I was pained to read in the  
paper of the death of Harriet  
Pascott's sister. Coming on the  
top of her long agonizing watch  
over <sup>her</sup> husband it will be more  
than she can bear & I cannot  
but think. I long to know how  
she is & if she is yet in Boston  
undergoing that protracted ordeal  
worse than the trial by fire. For



this mercifully Kills. So  
you remember that wonderful  
story of hers - called Circumstances?  
The Surge reminds me  
of her - or Contravene - <sup>struggle</sup> Her  
recalls too the fight - of Achilles  
for ~~Hector~~ <sup>for Hector</sup>  
with death. Her is there  
anything menacing to my mind  
in associating that frail  
body & incomparable spirit  
with the hero of the old  
myth. May the Powers  
that wait on high hearts  
& do not fail her at this  
Pinch!

This good late summer  
tide finds you by the sea  
sometimes of hope. We are



going to West Port Harbor  
a point of land running  
out into the sea very long -  
where one can sniff ocean  
on 3 sides - in order to have  
off if possible the little  
July fund - When Boston is  
open again after the Independence  
debouch we <sup>Admiral</sup> shall go there  
& finish up the cure & to some  
work & come back to the good  
old Shelburne for Aug. & Sept.  
In the meanwhile some of  
the family from Belmont  
& Dr. W. will come to stay  
with Sarah - The natural  
will be gathered into the  
burn - & the Driscollage will



Shrink to its average proportion  
I heartily wish that a Colony  
of our friends might plant  
selves about these shining lights.  
You among them - I suppose  
there are better views & better  
symphonies (is that the word) of  
light & river & meadow - but  
this is good enough for me.

It is very little one does  
here - life slips by - Just  
now - we plan an ice-boat  
down a mooring - place for our  
boat - a gay creature - green & white  
& light - within which enables  
us to look down haughtily upon  
our neighbors who have none.

Another time we prospect  
for a path up to Baldcap



3 over Bag 2 - Voluntary - as our  
Cousin grandly calls the  
mountain where we pasture  
our 15-head - I speak  
advisedly - 15 - (besides  
2 pigs - 10 hens & 4 calves)  
What luck ! You say.  
Oh be sure. At present  
our ambi-dextrous Cousin  
Charles Stone is with us -  
his Competence - activity -  
& general benevolence are an  
hourly comfort - When last  
evening we take photographs  
down up stream - large rapids

<sup>tale</sup>  
The tale is too long. &  
no doubt tedious to you - why  
pursue it - ?

Yesterday we -  
all but Sarah - went deep  
into the forest - after a  
cataract. We missed our  
way & after many wanderings  
returned - unobserved -

One day last week I was  
about - making the ascent  
of Baldcap with the Cousin  
& was first - saved by my  
16 guardian angels who warned  
me & obligated to that degree



that I succumbed & so  
established a deplorable  
precedent. In sober  
moments my dear friend,  
I have to confess to myself  
that tho the Androsceggia  
renews its flood every spring -  
there are certain other rivers  
that fail & never reach  
their banks again.

Shruti Burns  
to me as well as she  
was last year - Sometimes  
I think she misses the  
familiar faces - but it  
is by no word a Voluntary



sign of hers.

If we should  
hear from you we shall  
hear about cleaning &  
if she is well - Please &  
able to locomote to  
her heart's desire this  
summer. Give our best  
wishes & love to her & to  
the home. Stayers of such  
you be - or be you wandering  
by the paths of the sea.

Always yours lovingly

Dora

Shelburne June 18.

You sent me a beautiful bit of lace - Thank you for the kind thought  
to furnish my brood withall - Thank you for the kind thought

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to furnish my brood withall - Thank you for the kind thought